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MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21, 1921.

PETITIONS.

The issue of the recall election cannot be reopened now without a violation of the very manifest intent of the law. In recognition of the fact that fraud might be committed and that errors were quite likely to occur in the handling of petitions containing many thousands of names, provision was made for a sufficient interim following the filing of petitions during which time the petitions might be inspected, the signatures verified, frauds detected and error corrected. The time was made ample for this purpose, and its expiration was set sufficiently in advance of the election date to remove all doubt as to the holding of an election within a reasonable time. The purpose is obvious. The holding of a recall election depends on the adequacy of the petitions. If there is no petition there can be no election, and if the petitions are not in compliance with the law there can be none. It is the duty of the secretary of state in state elections, and of the proper official in local recall elections, to examine the petitions presented, pass on their regularity, give notice of errors if any are found, and, if the petitions are found regular, or are made regular within the time prescribed, to proceed with arrangements for the election. During that period any citizen has the right to protest against the holding of an election if the petitions are insufficiently or improperly signed. If no protest is filed within that time that phase of the subject is closed. It is very plainly intended, not that elections shall be held in response to invalid petitions, and that the results shall then be rejected, but that invalid elections shall be prevented, and for that purpose ample time is given to determine the regularity of the petitions.

While this provision of the law is excellent, the recall election law shares the defect common to all our laws relating to the treatment of petitions that it contains no provision for the inspection and verification of signatures at the place of their origin. When the petition relates to a statewide election, as in the case of a state recall, initiated or referred laws, etc., the petition, with its signatures from every section of the state, is sent to Bismarck, and there only can an inspection be made. At the Bismarck office any person sufficiently interested can discover duplications, if there are any. But only in rare cases can a single individual be able to tell whether or not the signatures are those of real voters. That can be determined only by comparing the signatures with the voters' lists from the several counties, and to get these lists copied and forwarded, and to make the necessary comparison is a work requiring considerable organization and expense.

This situation could be remedied in any one of several ways. Any plan should provide for the certification of the names by precinct or county officials as those of properly qualified voters. A workable plan might run something like this:

Let petitions be circulated by voting precincts, all the signatures on a single petition being from the same precinct. Let the petitions then be filed with the township clerks and city auditors, due notice being given of that fact, with time for public inspection. Let the clerks and auditors then compare the signatures with the voters' lists, eliminating duplicates and the names of unqualified persons. Let the petitions then be forwarded to the county auditor with the affidavit of the local official that all the persons signing are qualified voters. Let the county auditor, after seeing that all the returns are in proper form, forward the lists to the capital with his certificate. A brief time could then be given for further examination and protest. In this way all petitions would be examined where the signers are known, and where the lists of voters are kept. They would start out free from error, or as nearly so as is possible, and everything right from the beginning would be a matter of publicity and official record.

WASHINGTON THE BUSINESS MAN.

In one of his recent addresses President Harding drew lessons from the business career of Washington. We have been familiar with Washington the soldier and Washington the statesman. Washington the private citizen and man of business is less well known. It is well that we should become acquainted with him in that capacity.

The president used as the text of this address Washington's will, with the evidence that it contains of industry and sagacity in the accumulation of property, of sanity in its distribution, and of wise counsel to those who should succeed him in the possession of some part of it.

Without evolving fine-spun theories on the subject Washington took it for granted that it was his business to acquire property by the straightforward methods of industry, enterprise and thrift. He adapted himself to his environment and performed thoroughly and heartily the work which was appropriate to his country and age. Inheriting a comfortable fortune, he used it to give employment to others in productive enterprise, and in the creation of new wealth, of which he retained his share. He became one of the wealthiest men of his time, and every dollar that he possessed was honorably obtained.

In disposing of his fortune as he did he acted in accordance with a principle strikingly democratic as contrasted with the principle whose long application in Europe had resulted in the creation of a landed and titled aristocracy which had become, in a measure, a select caste. Providing first for the payment of his debts and the manumission of his slaves, he bequeathed generously to a large number whose claims were those of kinship or friendship, and the rest of his estate was distributed in forms in which it would become a lasting public benefit.

He did not believe it wise that great fortunes should be transmitted intact from generation to generation. He saw in this a danger the existence of which has been demonstrated in actual practice in many cases since Washington passed away, and in making final disposition of his affairs he showed the same wise judgment which had characterized him in so many other departments of life.

READY FOR AN EMERGENCY.

There was a remarkable scene at the first session of the armament conference when, after the epoch-making address of Secretary Hughes, presenting one of the most impressive proposals ever laid before an international gathering, the occupants of the galleries began clamoring for speeches from the delegates. The spectators, many of whom were senators and representatives, doubtless intended these demonstrations as evidences of cordiality. Their appropriateness at that time and place is a matter of opinion.

But the delegates, or quite a number of them, responded. Premier Briand's address is believed to have been quite impromptu. There may have been others. But several of the delegates drew manuscripts from their pockets and read carefully prepared brief addresses. They had evidently heard that Americans are given to making and listening to speeches, and they had come prepared. The addresses were amiable, and contained nothing to which any person could object. The speakers had prepared themselves in advance to speak on an occasion of any sort without saying anything.

CONTROL OF CREDIT.

Extreme socialism would dispense entirely with credit because it maintains as one of its principles the abolition of private property. If there were no private property there could be no such thing as personal credit; hence, in a completely socialized state, the element of credit would be lacking entirely.

There are however numerous socialistic plans which stop short of the complete and immediate abolition of private property, and these undertake to provide for the handling of credit by means of the creation of publicly owned and operated banks, of which the Bank of North Dakota was intended to be a sample. Had the Bank of North Dakota plan been permitted to be worked out, it would have resulted and was intended to result in the abolition of the private bank and the establishment instead there of a string of branches or subsidiaries of the central state bank. These local agencies, co-operating with the central body, would control and handle the credit of the state; would be the custodians of its funds, public and private; and would transact, in general, all the business that is now transacted by private banks.

The ideal sought by the promoters of this scheme is the national bank with subordinate agencies throughout the entire country by means of which the whole credit of the country would be controlled by one concern. It is difficult to conceive of a more dangerous power than this placed in a few hands. The public institution so organized would be controlled by whatever political group happened to be in charge of the national or state administration for the time being. There would be the constant temptation to use the power thus created for the promotion of political schemes, for the extension of official terms of office, and in general for the private or factional advantage of the party in power. There would be lacking also the element of competition, which, as matters now are arranged, tends to bring about a distribution of capital where capital is most needed; to fix interest rates in accordance with supply and demand of capital, and he hazard in handling it, and to enable persons who are really entitled to credit by virtue of character and financial condition to obtain that credit regardless of personal or political enmities which are sought to be used against them.

The banking business, as at present organized, while it necessarily tends to centralize itself here and there, is absolutely devoid of a general centralization. Banks are organized, either formally or practically, into groups according to the business affiliations of those interested in them, and there is among the several groups competition for deposits, competition in the distribution of loans, competition in every element of business. The prospective borrower may not be on good terms with the people managing one of the banks in his town, but if he is really entitled to credit, he can go to the rival bank and make satisfactory arrangements with it, and there is thus throughout the entire system an element of competition which prevents the individual from being frozen out and deprived of the credit which he is normally entitled to.

The private banking system is subjected to the influence of competition in the fixing of interest rates as the publicly owned bank would not be. If the banking business of the country were entirely in government hands, interest rates would be fixed arbitrarily. The could not be fixed in any other way because there would be no element of competition to determine what interest rates were warranted in particular localities. As it is, rates of interest are governed by a number of conditions arising out of private competition. Borrowers are in competition among each other for loans; investors compete with each other for loans of the most desirable character; and out of this general competition, there is reached an equasion which establishes interest rates and causes capital to flow into the localities where there exists the greatest legitimate need for it.

Under a public banking business, this element would be entirely destroyed. All the work would be arbitrarily done, and subjected to political control, and the inevitable result would be the diversion of the handling of credits from its proper function of promoting the economic welfare of the country to that of promoting the political interest of those who happened to be momentarily in charge.

FORD'S DECLINING RAILWAY PROFITS

Citing statistics filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by Henry Ford's railroad, the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton, the Railway Age shows in an article in its current issue that the monthly net return earned by the railroad declined over 70 per cent between June and August, the last month which complete figures are available.

The reduction of twenty per cent in local rates and the advance in wages granted by Mr. Ford were put into effect on July 1. It was widely reported that in spite of the reduction in rates and advance in wages Mr. Ford had converted the D. T. & I. from a bankrupt into a prosperous railroad. The statistics published in the Railway Age show that in June, before these changes were made, the total earnings of the railroad were $713,527 and that they increased in July to $744,498 and in August to $763,840. They also show that in June, before the rates and wages were changed, the expenses incurred by the railway for each dollar earned were 52.7 cents, while in July they had increased to 59.7 and in August to 71.8 cents. The result of this large increase in operating expenses was that the net operating income declined from $261,259 in June to $187,395 in July, and to only $70,643 in August.

Bringing Up Father - By George McManus

MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By Sinclair Lewis

SYNOPSIS.

Carol Milford graduates from Blodgett college near Minneapolis, goes to Chicago for a year, and returns to work in a library in St. Paul. Through college, and three years of library work, Carol harbors a desire to go to a smaller community, where she might do a little uplift work, and spread the gospel of "culture" as she sees it. Then she meets Dr. Will Kennicott of Gopher Prairie.

Carol and Dr. Kennicott are married, and when they reach Gopher Prairie, Carol finds it the usual small town, and tries not to be disappointed.

Carol finds a maid, Bea Sorenson, begins housekeeping, and also plans to "reform" the village.

Carol gives a housewarming, and invites the "elite" of the village.

She begins to feel that the village folk are not approving of her or the things she does.

Dr. Kennicott takes Carol on a visit to his mother where she is happy for a few days. Her return only makes her realize more fully that Gopher Prairie is not approving of her.

XI—CONTINUED.

"Burns was quite a poor boy and he did not enpoy the advantages we enjoy today, except for the advantages of the fine old Scotch kirk where he heard the Word of God preached more fearlessly than even in the finest big brick churches in the big and so-called advanced cities of today, but he did not have our educational advantages and Latin and the other treasures of the mind so richly strewn before the, alas, too offtimes inattentive feet of our youth who do not always sufficiently appreciate the privileges freely granted to every American boy rich or poor. Burns had to work hard and was sometimes led by evil companionship into low habits. But it is morally instructive to know that he was a good student and educated himself, in striking contrast to the loose ways and so-called aristocratic society-life of Lord Byron, on which I have just spoken. And certainly though the lord and earls of his day may have looked down upon Burns as a humble person, many of us have greatly enjoyed his pieces about the mouse and other rustic subjects, with their message of humble beauty—I am so sorry I have not got the time to quote some of them."

Mrs. George Edwin Mott gave ten minutes to Tennyson and Browning.

Mrs. Nat Hicks, a wry-faced, curiously sweet woman, so awed by her betters that Carol wanted to kiss her, completed the day's grim task by a paper on "Other Poets." The other poets worthy of consideration were Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Gray, Mrs. Hemans and Kipling.

Miss Ella Stowbody obliged wkh a recital of "The Recessional" and extracts from "Lalla Rookh." By request, she gave "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" as encore.

Gopher Prairie had finished the poets. It was ready for the next week's labor: English Fiction and Essays.

Mrs. Dawson besought, "Now we will have a discussion of the papers, and I am sure we shall all enjoy hearing from one who we hope to have as a new member, Mrs. Kennicott, who with her splendid literary training and all should be able to give us many pointers and—many helpful pointers."

Carol had warned herself not to be so "beastly supercilious." She had insisted that in the belated quest of these work-stained women was an aspiration which ought to stir her tears. "But they're so self-satisfied. They think they're doing Burns a favor. They don't believe they have a 'belated quest.' They're sure that they have culture salted and hung up." It was out of this stupor of doubt that Mrs. Dawson's summons roused her. She was in a panic. How could she speak without hurting them?

Mrs. Champ Perry leaned over to stroke her hand and whisper, "You look tired, dearie. Don't you talk unless you want to."

Affection flooded Carol; she was on her feet, searching for words and courtesies:

"The only thing in the way of suggestion— I know you are following a definite program, but I do wish that no— you've had such a splendid introduction, instead of going on with some other subject next year you could return and take up the poets more in detail. Especially actual quotations—even though their lives are so interesting and, as Mrs. Warren said, so morally instructive. And perhaps there are several poets not mentioned today whom it might be worth while considering—Keats, for instance, and Matthew Arnold and Rossetti and Swinburne. Swinburne would be such a—well, that is, such a contrast to life, as we all enjoy it in our beautiful Middlewest——"

She saw that Mrs. Leonard Warren was not with her. She captured her by innocently continuing:

"Unless perhaps Swinburne tends to be, uh, more outspoken than you, than we really like. What do you think, Mrs. Warren?"

The pastor's wife decided, "Why, you've caught my very thoughts, Mrs. Kennicott. Of course I have never read Swinburne, but years ago, when he was in vogue, I remember Mr. Warren saying that Swinburne (or was it Oscar Wilde? but anyway:) he said that though many so-called intellectual people posed and pretended to find beauty in Swinburne, there can never be genuine beauty without the message from the heart. But at the same time I do think you have an excellent idea, and though we have talked about Furnishings and China as th probable subject for next year, I believe that it would be nice if the program committee would try to work in another day entirely devoted to English poetry! In fact, Madame Chairman, I so move you."

When Mrs. Dawson's coffee and angel's-food had helped them to recover from the depression caused by thoughts of Shakespeare's death they all told Carol that it was a pleasure to have her with them. The membership committee retired to the sitting-room for three minutes and elected her a member.

And she stopped being patronizing.

She wanted to be one of them. They were so loyal and kind. It was they who would carry out her aspiration. Her campaign against village sloth was actually begun! On what specific reform should she first loose her army? During the gossip after the meeting Mrs. George Edwin Mott remarked that the city hall seemed inadequate for the splendid modern Gopher Prairie. Mrs. Nat Hicks timidly wished that the young people could have free dances there—the lodge dances were so exclusive. The city hall. That was it! Carol hurried home.

She had not realized that Gopher Prairie was a city. From Kennicott she discovered that it was legally organized with a mayor and city council and wards. She was delighted by the simplicity of voting one's self a metropolis. Why not?

She was a proud and patriotic citizen, all evening.

II.

She exclaimed the city hall next morning. She had remembered it only as a bleak inconspicuousness. She found it a liver-colored frame coop half a block from Main Street. The front was an unrelieved wall of clapboards and dirty windows. It had an unobstructed view of a vacant lot and Nat Hicks's tailor shop. It was larger than the carpenter shop beside it, but not so well built.

No one was about. She walked into the corridor. On one side was the municipal court, like a country school; on the other, the room of the volunteer fire company, with a Ford hose-cart and the ornamental helmets used in parades; at the end of the hall, a filthy two-cell jail, now empty but smelling of ammonia and ancient sweat. The whole second story was a large unfinished room littered with piles of folding chairs, a lime-crusted mortar-mixing box, and the skeletons of Fourth of July floats covered with decomposing plaster shields and faded red, white, and blue bunting. At the end was an abortive stage. The room was large enough for the community dances which Mrs. Nat Hicks advocated. But Carol was after something bigger than dances.

In the afternoon she scampered to the public library.

The library was open three afternoons and four evenings a week. It was housed in an old dwelling, sufficient but unattractive. Carol caught herself picturing pleasanter reading-rooms, chairs for children, an art collection, a librarian young enough to experiment.

She berated herself, "Stop this fever of reforming everything! I will be satisfied with the library! The city hall is enough for a beginning. And it's really an excellent library. It's—it isn't so bad. . . . . Is it possible that I am to find dishonesties and stupidity in every human activity I encounter? In schools and business and government and everything? Is there never any contentment, never any rest?"

She shook her head as though she were shaking off water, and hastened into the library, a young, light, amiable presence, modest in unbuttoned fur coat, blue suit, fresh organdy collar, and tan boots roughened from scuffling snow. Miss Villets stared at her, and Carol purred, "I was so sorry not to see you at the Thanatopsis yesterday. Vida said you might come."

"Oh. You went to the Thanatopsis. Did you enjoy it?"

"So much. Such good papers on the poets." Carol lied resolutely. "But I did think they should have had you give one of the papers on poetry!"

"Well—— Of course I'm not one of the bunch that seem to have the time to take and run the club, and if they prefer to have papers on literature by other ladies who have no literary training—after all, why should I complain? What am I but a city employee!"

"You're not! You're the one person that does—that does—oh, you do so much. Tell me, is there, uh—— Who are the people who control the club?"

Miss Villets emphatically stamped a date in the front of "Frank on the Lower Mississippi" for a small flaxen boy, glowered at him as though she were stamping a warning on his brain, and sighed:

"I wouldn't put myself forward or criticize any one for the world, and Vida is one of my best friends, and such a splendid teacher, and there is no one in town more advanced and interested in all movements, but I must say that no matter who the president or the committees are, Vida Sherwin seems to be behind them all the time, and though she is always telling me about what she is pleased to call my 'fine work in the library,' I notice that I'm not often called on for papers, though Mrs. Lyman Cass once volunteered and to'd me that she thought my paper on 'The Cathedrals of England' was the most interesting paper we had, the year we took up English and French travel and architecture.' But—— And of course Mrs. Mott and Mrs. Warren are very important in the club, as you might expect of the wives of the superintendent of schools and the Congregational pastor, and indeed they are both very cultured, but—— No, you may regard me as entirely unimportant. I'm sure what I say doesn't matter a bit!"

"You're much too modest, and I'm going to tell Vida so, and, uh, I wonder if you can give me just a teeny bit of your time and show me where the magazine files are kept?"

She had won. She was profusely escorted to a room like a grandmother's attic, where she discovered periodica's devoted to house-decoration and town-planning, with a six-year file of the National Geographic. Miss Villets blessedly left her alone. Humming, fluttering pages with delighted fingers, Carol sat cross-legged on the floor, the magazines in heaps about her.

She found pictures of New England streets; the dignity of Falmouth, the charm of Concord, Stockbridge and Farmington and Hillhouse avenue. The fairy-book suburb of Forest Hills on Long Island. Devonshire cottages and Essex manors and a Yorkshire High Street and Fort Sunlight. The Arab village of Djeldah—an intricately chased jewel-box. A town in California which had changed itself from the barren brick fronts and slatternly frame sheds of a Main Street to a way which led the eye down a vista of arcades and gardens.

Assured that she was not quite mad in her belief that a small American town might be lovely, as well as useful in buying wheat and selling plows, she sat brooding, her thin fingers playing a tattoo on her cheeks. She saw in Gopher Prairie a Georgian city hall: warm brick walls with white shutters, a fanlight, a wide hall and curving stair. She saw it the common home and inspiration not only of the town but of the country about. It should contain the court-room (she couldn't get herself to put in a jail), public library, a collection of excellent prints, rest-room and model kitchen for farm-bureau, gymnasium. Forming about it and influenced by it, as mediaeval villages gathered about the castle, she saw a new Georgian town as graceful and beloved as Annapolis or that bowery Alexandria to which Washington rode.

All this the Thanatopsis club was to accomplish with no difficulty whatever, since its several husbands were the controllers of business and politics. She was proud of herself for this practical view.

She had taken only half an hour to change a wire-fenced potato-plot into a walled rose-garden. She hurried out to apprize Mrs. Leonard Warren, as president of the Thanatopsis, of the miracle which had been worked.

III.

At a quarter to three Carol had left home; at half-past four she had created the Georgian town; at a quarter to five she was in the dignified poverty of the Congregational parsonage, her enthusiasm pattering upon Mrs. Leonard Warren like summer rain upon an old gray roof; at two minutes to five a town of demure courtyards and welcoming dormer windows had been erected; and at two minutes past five the entire town was as flat as Babylon.

Erect in a black William and Mary chair against gray and speckly-brown volumes of sermons and Biblical commentaries and Palestine geographies upon long pine shelves, her neat black shoes firm on a rag-rug, herself as correct and low-toned as her background, Mrs. Warren listened without comment till Carol was quite through, then answered delicately:

"Yes, I think you draw a very nice picture of what might easily come to pass—some day. I have no doubt that such villgesa will be found on the prairie—some day. But if I might make just the least little criticism: it seems to me that you are wrong in supposing either that the city hall wou'd be the proper start, or that the Thanatopsis would be the right instrument. After all, it's the churches, isn't it, that are the real heart of the community. As you may possibly know, my husband is prominent in Congregational circles all through the state for his advocacy of church-union. He hopes to see all the evangelical denominations joined in one strong body, opposing Catholicism and Christian Science, and properly guiding all movements that make for morality and prohibition. Here the combined churches could afford a splendid club-house, maybe a stucco and half-timbered building with gargoyles and all sorts of pleasing decorations on it, which, it seems to me, would be lots better to impress the ordinary class of people than just a plain old-fashioned colonial house, such as you describe. And that would be the proper center for all educational and pleasurable activities, instead of letting them fall into the hands of the politicians."

"I don't suppose it will take more than thirty or forty years for the churches to get together?" Carol said innocently.

"Hardly that long even; things are moving so rapidly. So it would be a mistake to make any other plans."

Carol did not recover her zeal till two days after, when she tried Mrs. George Edwin Mott, wife of the superintendent of schools.

Mrs. Mott commented, "Personally, I am terribly busy with dressmaking and having the seamstress in the house and all, but it would be splendid to have the other members of the Thanatopsis take up the question. Except for one thing: First and foremost, we must have a new school-building. Mr. Mott says they are terribly cramped."

Continued Tomorrow Evening.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MAIN STREET?

Is it a true picture of life in a small town in the northwest?

Are the people it describes real people?

The Herald wants to know what its readers think of Sinclair Lewis' story and is going to offer $20 in prizes to find out.

HOW TO WIN A PRIZE

Read the story as it appears from day to day in the Evening Herald. When the last installment appears write a letter to the "Main Street Editor," Grand Forks Herald, telling whether or not you think the story gives a true picture of life in "Gopher Prairie" and just why you have formed the opinions you express.

To the writer who gives the best reason for whatever opinion he or she has formed, we will give a prize of $10. For the second best letter we will give a prize of $5, and for the next seven best letters prizes of $1 each.

No letter should be more than 250 words in length.

The story is such that you can begin it any time, and get a good idea of the picture it paints.

Here's a chance to win a little spending money just for writing a short letter.

THE QUITTER.

Fate handed the quitter a bump and
he dropped—
The road seemed too rough to go, so
he stopped;
He thought of his hurt, and there
came to his mind
The easier path he was leaving behind;
"Oh, it's all much too hard," said the
quitter right then;
"I'll stop where I am and not try it
again."

He sat by the road and he made up
his tale,
To tell when men asked why he
happened to fail.
A thousand excuses flew up to his
tongue
And these on the thread of his story
he strung,
But the truth of the matter he didn't
admit—
He never once said, "I was frightened
and quit."

Whenever the quitter sits down by
the road
And drops from the struggle to
lighten his load,
He can always recall to his own peace
or mind
A string of excuses for falling behind;
But somehow or other, he can't think
of one
Good reason for battling and going
right on.

Oh, when the bump comes and fate
hands you a jar,
Don't baby yourself, boy, whoever you
are,
Don't pity yourself and talk over your
woes,
Don't thing up excuses for dodging
the blows,
But stick to the battle and see the
thing through,
And don't be a quitter, whatever you
do.

LEPER COLONY INCREASES.

Manila, P. I., Oct. 2.—(By Mail.)—The leper colony on the Island of Culion is being rapidly increased by the voluntary surrender of numbers of lepers throughout the Philippine Islands, according to a report by the director of health. The report says during the first six months of 1921 more lepers were admitted to the Culion settlement than during the entire year of 1920, the admissions during the six months numbering 439. At present the colony numbers approximately 5,000.

A statement by the director of health says:

"It is gratifying to record that lepers are beginning to realize the necessity of segregation and the benefits to be derived from the modern treatment of the disease. Many are presenting themselves voluntarily to the municipal authorities, to the health officials and even to clinics at the early manifestations of the cutaneous lesions."

Buenos Aires—Dr. Amable Jones, governor of the province of San Juan, was assassinated.